

Letter from Bro. Mann.

Rouloph, Mass., Dec. 28, 1845.

DEAR BRO. JACOB:—

I want to write a few words about anti-christ and the last time spoken of in 1 John 2: 18-19. Little children, it is the last time; and as ye have heard that anti-christ shall come, even now are there many anti-christs; whereby we know it is the last time. They went out from us, but they were not of us: for if they had been of us, they would not have continued with us; but they went out, that they might be made manifest that they were not all of us. Jude speaks of the same characters, in almost the same words. Jude 13, 19. "A time" in the Bible is one year, or 360 years. The last time cannot be 360 years, therefore it must be one year. 1 Peter 1: 4-5, shows that we are to be delivered in the last time: The same time, or year is spoken of in Isa. 61, 2: 67-4; 24, 8. In John 2: 22-23, we find who anti-christ is: "he that denieth the Son," he that denies a literal Jesus. Well, these did not become "many" until after this Jewish year commenced, but since that time many have sprung up all around amongst us. About one half of those who were in the truth when the year commenced have turned anti-christ. Well, "Praise God" by this "we know that it is the last time," yes, we know it. In Luke 12: 40, we find that there are hypocrites who do not discern this time. The jubilee year, Lev. 25: 10-13, corresponds with the last time. In this year we shall return, every man to his possession. In Luke 12: 36-38, we find that the Lord will come in the second, or third watch, after the wedding time commences; well, we know the first watch reached to the commencement of this year, and the 2d and 3d watches run parallel with "the last time," and "the jubilee year."—Bro. Jacobs, we read in 2 John 10, 11, if any come unto you and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him God speed.

Yours waiting for redemption in this last time.

T. B. MANN.

Letter from Sister Harmon.

Portland, Me., Dec. 26, 1845.

BRO. JACOB:—

As God has shown me in holy vision the travels of the Advent people to the Holy City, and the rich reward to be given those who wait the return of their Lord from the wedding, it may be my duty to give you a short sketch of what God has revealed to me. The dear saints have got many trials to pass through. But our light afflictions which are but for a moment worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal. I have tried to bring back a good report, and a few grapes from the heavenly Canaan, for which many would stonify me, as the congregation bade adieu Calah and Judah for their report. (Num. 14: 10.) But I declare to you, my brother in the Lord, it is a goodly land, and we are well able to go up and possess it. While praying at the family altar the Holy Ghost fell on me and I seemed to be rising higher and higher, far above the dark world. I turned to look for the Advent people in the world, but could not find them, when a voice said to me, Look again, and look a little higher. At this, I raised my eyes and saw a strait and narrow path, cast up high above the world. On this path the Advent people were traveling to the City, which was at the farther end of the path. They had a bright light set up behind them at the first end of the path, which an angel told me was the Midnight City. This light shone all along the path and gave light for their feet so they might not stumble. And if they kept their eyes fixed on Jesus, who was just before them, leading them to the City, they were safe. But soon some grew weary, and said the City was a great way off, and they expected to have entered it before. Then Jesus would encourage them by raising his glorious right arm, and from his arm came a glorious light which waved over the Advent band, and

they shouted, Hallelujah! Others rashly denied the light behind them, and said that it was not God that had led them out so far. The light behind them went out which left their feet in perfect darkness, and they stumbled and got their eyes off the mark and lost sight of Jesus, and fell off the path down in the dark and wicked world below. It was just as impossible for them to get on the path again & go to the City, as all the wicked world which God had rejected. They fell all the way along the path, one after another, until we heard the voice of God like many waters, which gave us the day and hour of Jesus' coming. The living saints, 144,000, in number, know and understand the voice, while the wicked thought it was thunder & an earthquake. When God spoke the time, he poured on us the Holy Ghost, and our faces began to light up and shine with the glory of God as Moses did when he came down from Mount Sinai. (Ex. 24: 20-34.) By this time the 144,000 were all sealed and perfectly united. On their foreheads was written, God, Now Jerusalem, and a glorious Star containing Jesus' new name. At our happy, holy state the wicked were enraged, and would rush violently up to lay hands on us to thrust us in prison, when we would stretch forth the hand in the name of the Lord, and the wicked would fall helpless to the ground. Then it was that the synagogue of Satan knew that God had loved us who could wash one another's feet, and salute the holy brethren with a holy kiss, and they worshipped at our feet. Soon our eyes were drawn to the East, for a small black cloud had appeared about half as large as a man's hand, which we all knew was the Sign of the Son of Man. We all in solemn silence gazed on the cloud as it drew nearer, lighter, and brighter, glorious, and still more glorious, till it was a great white cloud. The bottom appeared like fire, a rainbow was over it, around the cloud were ten thousand angels singing a most lovely song. And on it sat the Son of Man, on his head were crowns, his hair was white and curly and lay on his shoulders. His feet had the appearance of fire, in his right hand was a sharp sickle, in his left a silver trumpet. His eyes were as a flame of fire, which reached his children through and through. Then all faces gathered pale, and those that God had rejected gathered blackness. Then we all cried out, who shall be able to stand? Is my robe spotted? Then the angels ceased to sing, and there was some time of awful silence, when Jesus spoke, Those who have clean hands and a pure heart shall be able to stand, my grace is sufficient for you. At this, our faces lighted up, and joy filled every heart. And the angels struck a note higher and song, angels while the cloud drew still nearer the earth. Then Jesus' silver trumpet sounded, as he descended on the cloud, wrapped in flames of fire. He gazed on the graves of the sleeping saints then raised his eyes and hands to heaven & cried out, Awake! Awake! Awake ye that sleep in the dust, and arise. Then there was a mighty earthquake. The graves opened, and the dead came up clothed with immortality. The 144,000 shouted, Hallelujah! as they recognised their friends who had been torn from them by death, and in the same moment we were changed and caught up together with them to meet the Lord in the air. We all entered the cloud together, and were 7 days ascending to the sea of glass, where Jesus brought along the crowns and with his own right hand placed them on our heads. He gave us harps of gold and palms of victory. Here on the sea of glass the 144,000 stood in a perfect square. Some of them had very bright crowns, others not so bright. Some crowns appeared hung with stars, while others had but few. All were perfectly satisfied with their crowns. And they were all clothed with a glorious white mantle from their shoulders to their feet. Angels were all about us as we marched over the sea of glass to the gate of the City. Jesus raised his mighty glorious arm, laid hold of the gate and swung it back on its golden hinges, and said to us, You have washed your robes in my blood, stood still for my truth, enter in. We all marched in and felt we had a perfect right in the City. Here we see the tree of life, & the throne of God. Out of the throne came a pure river of water, and on

either side of the river was the tree of life. On one side of the river was a trunk of a tree and a trunk on the other side of the river, both of pure transparent gold. At first I thought I saw two trees. I looked again and saw they were united at the top in one tree. So it was the tree of life on either side of the river of life. Its branches bowed in the place where we stood. And the fruit was glorious, which looked like gold mixed with silver. We all went under the tree, and sat down to look at the glory of the place, which Bro. Fitch and Stockins, who had preached the gospel of the kingdom, whom God had laid in the grave to save them, came up to us and asked us what we had passed through while they were sleeping. We tried to call up our greatest trials, but they looked so small compared with the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory that surrounded us, that we could not speak them out, and we all cried out Hallelujah, heaven be cheap enough, and we touched our glorious harps and made heaven's arches ring. And as we were gazing at the glorification of the place, our eyes were attracted upwards to something that had the appearance of silver. I asked Jesus to let me see what was within there. In a moment we were winging our way upward and entering in. Here we saw good old father Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, Noah, Daniel, and many like them. And I saw a veil with a heavy fringe of silver, and gold as a border on the bottom. It was very beautiful. I asked Jesus what was within the veil. He raised it with his own right arm, and bade me take heed. I saw there a glorious ark, overlaid with pure gold, and it had a glorious border resembling Jesus' crown. On it were two bright angels; their wings were spread over the ark as they sat on each end, with their faces turned towards each other and looking downward. In the ark, beneath where the angels wings were spread, was a golden pot of Manna of a yellowish cast, and I saw a rod, which Jesus said was Aaron's. I saw it bud, blossom, and bear fruit. And I saw two long golden rods on which hung silver wires, and on the wires most glorious grapes. One cluster was more than a man here can carry. And I saw Jesus step up and take of the grapes, grapes, and pomegranates, and bear them down to the table, and place them on the supper table. I stepped up to see how much was taken away, and there was just as much left, and we shouted Hallelujah. Amen. We all descended from this place down into the city, and with Jesus at our head we all descended from the city down to this earth, on a great and mighty mountain, which could not bear Jesus up, and it perished asunder, and there was a mighty plain. Then we looked up and saw the great city with twelve foundations, twelve gates, three on each side, and an angel at each gate, and all cried out the city, the great city, it's coming, it's coming down from God, out of heaven, and it came and settled on the place where we stood. Then we began to look at the glorious things outside of the city. There I saw most glorious houses, that had the appearance of silver, supported by four pillars, set with pearls most glorious to behold, which were to be inhabited by the saints. In them was a golden self, I saw many of the saints go into the houses, take off their glittering crowns and lay them on the shelf, then go out into the field by the houses to do something with the earth, not as we have to do with the earth here; no, no. A glorious light shone all about their heads, and they were continually shouting and offering praises to God. And I saw another field full of all kind of flowers, and as I plucked them, I cried out, well they will never fade. Next I saw a field of tall grass, most glorious to behold. It was living green, and had a reflection of silver and gold as it waved proudly to the glory of King Jesus. Then we entered a field full of all kinds of beasts; the lion, the lamb, the leopard and the wolf, altogether in perfect union. We passed through the midst of them, and they followed on peaceably after. Then we entered a wood, not like the dark woods we have here, no, not like the light, and all over glorious. The branches of the trees waved to and fro, and we all cried out we will dwell safely in the wilderness and sleep in the woods. We passed through the wood, for

we were on our way to Mount Zion, as we were travelling along we met a company who were also gazing at the glories of the place. I noticed that as a border on their garments. Their crowns were brilliant—their robes were pure white. As we greeted them, I asked Jesus who they were? He said they were martyrs that had been slain for him. With them was an innumerable company of little ones, they had a hair of red on their garments also. Mount Zion was just before us, and on the Mount sat a glorious temple, and about it were seven other mountains, on which grew roses and lilies, and I saw the little ones climb, or if they chose use their little wings and fly to the top of the mountains, and pluck the never fading flowers. There were all kinds of trees around the temple to beautify the place. The haw, the pine, the fir, the oak, the myrtle, the pomegranate, and the fig tree, bowed down with the weight of its timely figs that made the place look all over glorious. And as we were about to enter the holy temple, Jesus raised his lovely voice and said, only the 144,000 enter this place, and we shouted Hallelujah. Well bless the Lord, Bro. Jacobs, it is an extra meeting for those who have the seal of the living God. This temple was supported by seven pillars, all of transparent gold, set with pearls most glorious. The glorious things I saw there, I cannot begin to describe. O, that I could talk in the language of Canaan, then could I tell a little of the glory of the upper world; but if faithful you soon will know all about it. I saw there the tables of stone in which the names of the 144,000 were engraved in letters of gold. After we had beheld the glory of the temple, we went out. Then Jesus left us and went to the city. Soon we heard his lovely voice again, saying: Come my people; you have come out of great tribulation, and done my will, suffered for me; come in to supper, for I will give myself, and serve you. We shouted Hallelujah, glory, and entered into the city, and I saw a table of pure silver, it was many miles in length, yet our eyes could extend over it. And I saw the fruit of the tree of life, the manna, almonds, figs, pomegranates, grapes, and many other kinds of fruit. We all reclined at the table. I asked Jesus to let me eat of the fruit. He said, not now. "Those who eat of the fruit of this tree, go back to earth no more." Not in a little while, if faithful, you shall both eat of the fruit of the tree of life, and drink of the water of the fountain, and he said, you must go back to the earth again, and relate to others what I have revealed to you. Then an angel bore me gently down to this dark world. Sometimes I think I cannot stay here any longer, all things of earth look so dreary. I feel very lonely here, for I have seen a better land. O, that I had wings like a dove, then would I fly away, and be at rest.

ELLEN G. HARMON.

N. H. This was not written for publication; but for the encouragement of all who may see it, and be encouraged by it.

B. G. H.

Letter from Bro. Wilbur.

West Troy, Dec. 30th, 1845.

Dear Bro. Jacobs:

I saw by your last paper you want all who wish their papers continued, to write to that effect.

I want you to send in the Day Star as long as you wish it. I don't feel positive about all of your positions, but I cannot overthrow them by the Bible, neither have I found any one that could, though many have tried it; but in my mind they have utterly failed, neither have I felt so positive about any thing since the 7th month. But one thing is plain, the wise shall have understanding of how long it will be with the end of these wonders & what the end of these things will be; for Gabriel told Daniel so. Although I have been shaken on most every thing else, I have never doubted this; and one other saying of the angel I never doubted, that is this, knowledge shall be increased.

Now, Bro. Jacobs, I want to tell you some of my feelings since the 7th month. I was then reading the Herald, Midnight Cry, and Voice of Truth, I thought the most of the two former ones.

I would get them all at once and would read them if possible before I done any thing else, reading the Voice of Truth last, but I soon found that I had the best of the wine at the last of the feast; and finally, the Herald and Watch drew back so far (as I thought) that I dropped them and fastened on the Voice of Truth; and I have continued to feast on it this last summer, but less and less till now I am obliged to place it on a level with the Herald; and indeed I have good authority for doing so, for I saw a note from the Herald copied in a late number of the Voice of Truth, in which brother Himes could see no difference between the two papers, and brother Marsh acknowledged as much. And thought I, this will account in part for the indifference I have felt of late in reading that paper. When I read the baking brother Pusey got in that paper, I felt I could not give another dollar to support it. I don't want to find fault with brother Marsh, but I can see he is not the same lovely spirit he was last spring, and that is not strange, for very few of our brethren are not here. Dear brother I hope you will keep humble so the Lord can teach us through you as he has done. I do not worship my brother, but I admire your spirit, and then adore the God who gave it.

I see your weekly receipts are small, and I had saved some money which I had intended to send you, but I have been obliged to put it to other use, but I hope the brethren who can will attend to these matters, and say the Lord bless them. I hope I shall be able to do something soon, though as yet I am not in debt for this paper only to God. I have wished it might be enlarged, but perhaps it is best as it is. The Lord direct you and the rest of the brethren. Amen.

Your brother,

HIRAM WILBUR.

Letter from Bro. Cook.

New York, Jan. 8, 1846.

Dear Bro. Jacobs:

Your paper of Jan. 3d is read. One good brother said that it was the best number that had ever appeared. Bro. Confield should remember that my remark concerning Prof. Bush, related to the resurrection, including Christ the first fruits and then those who are his "at his coming."

As to the grand theme of your paper, I have no time to write. My engagement in Newark calls me away. I rest in the revolved will of our glorious Lord, as to this subject, just as I do in relation to the Divine Character. My powers are too feeble to attempt to make my God any thing different from what He has revealed himself. For many years my reverence for God has forbidden any irreverent theory as to the Divine existence. Should it seem to be desirable I may give what seems to me, the plain language of revelation on this point.

As to the coming of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, I have no will, nor theory, aside from revelation. My whole being acquiesces in the revealed will of God. I have the fullest conviction that each jot and tittle will be strictly fulfilled, and this utterly precludes the idea that the partial fulfillment of prophecy relating to the 2d Advent, is the 2d Advent. Surely God has given me capacity sufficient to see, and grace to confess the distinction between the chequer bar, and the cleaver. As the season advances and the fruit matures the fruit, and opens the bar, I can get the truth without pricking my fingers. This requires "patience" but then the nut is nailing. The impatient prick their fingers, in picking the premature fruit, and induce disease. "Be ye patient, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord, for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh." "Grudge not one against another, brethren, lest ye be condemned." "Behold we count them happy who endure."

My figure is so homely one: but if it enables any one to see the truth, it will answer my purpose. If we are but "patient" under the refining, purifying process, of present waiting, our faith will be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of (not of Jesus, but) Jesus Christ.

If the present "trial of faith" be the praise, and honor and glory, (as it must be, if the appearing of Jesus has taken place,) then I could as readily admit, that the bar is not in nature, distinguished from the asked outwards nature.

"The whole question, of the coming of our Saviour, may be resolved into this. Is there even a name as Jesus Christ? If we admit his distinctive existence, we must admit that He will "appear." "We shall see Him," not ourselves. His actual coming is as certain as his distinctive existence; and his existence is as much more real than ours, that it is only "because He lives that we shall live." I write in such case as I saw and felt. I am glad that I wrote, though it might have been well, had I written all at once, and added something more in the identity, or distinctive existence of our blessed Saviour. My conceptions are more elevated, and as I believe, more correct than formerly, because more scriptural.

His being "in his saints," and glorifying them, does not, I conceive, destroy his distinctive existence, any more than the indwelling of the Holy Spirit destroys his agency or existence. No man then God's dwelling with his people will absorb, or destroy God. This is plain language, which I should not use, but because the occasion demands it. Many have come in Christ's "name" saying I am Christ.

Surely I have no will in this matter except to do the will of Jesus. "His counsel will stand and he will do all his pleasure." Amen.

I have no horns to hook at, or heels to kick any one. Should we get out of patience and act an unchristian part, we should give the enemy a triumph over us from which we might never recover. Surely I have wanted to be just right in sentiment and sympathy; and I propose to listen to every one, in whom confidence can be placed, as patiently as I did to friends I saw in Ohio. Then make a final appeal "to the law and the testimony." Lord lead us still. Amen.

We have had some precious good meetings here and in Newark, with those who have "not cast away their confidence,"—who love present truth. Adieu.

Yours to hope as ever,

J. B. COOK.

Bro. Cook, the "Chester bar" is open—do not fear "pricking" your fingers because the bar is still there; but eat freely and live forever. I do not claim to have swallowed the whole "not," but to have had a taste and am yet feasting.—Ed.

CORRESPONDENTS.

There are on hand a large number of articles from correspondents, that will appear as fast as they can be published. The deficiency in the receipts for the past two weeks, has left me some \$15 in arrears. In consequence of which, the single numbers will have to be resorted to again for awhile.

The gathering of God's people is rapidly going forward, and will soon be done; after which the paper will not be needed.

I must continue, by the permission of my Heavenly Father, to present to our readers, various branches of this glorious theme—the Kingdom of God set up, and to be received as a little child. The articles of all those who are sincerely opposed to the views presented, will be published, if written in a kind, loving spirit.

The vision of Sister Harmon in the present number, is published at the request of many friends that have heard it read.

LETTERS AND RECEIPTS.

For the week ending Jan. 22d.

Z. W. Hoyt, \$10; H. B. Johnson, 1.00; Thomas Bracken, 1.00; Amos Burditt, 1.00; S. H. Miller, for Mrs. Dobson, 2.00; Elizabeth S. Wilbur, Philena Neill (the paper is not yet given); Corbarn Smith; Henry V. Davis, 2.00; J. B. Perkins; H. C. Townsend, 1.00; B. Smith, 50; E. R. Southwick, 50; Jacob Weston, 1.00; S. Rogers, 1.00; C. Huntington, for John Wood, and James Smith, each 50; Stephen Pratt, for Hollis Twitchell, 1.00; S. R. Lathrop, 50.